



VOL. V. NO. 33.

GREENSBORO, N. C. AUGUST 18, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 237

The True Tonic.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

What little man, kills nations, luxury
Excess and overaction, sap their strength
And lay them low.
Greece, in her prime destroyed
By her lusty slaves' shock,
The Persian luxury lurked within her veins,
And did its work.
What slow majestic Rome?
The paralyzing poison of her own excess,
Who stooped to harbor her immortal throne
Into the highest bidder, and fell down
In that apoplexy which took no reprieve,
Our redoubt grows nervous and hath withering words,
And then she dreamt to divide herself—
As dawn of old, in mockery made
To cut the babe in twain, for whose count
Two mothers strove.
Our blessed realm is sick
With love of gold and cares that from it come,
Neurotic pains afflict her and she needs
The tonic Nature stores in trees and fields
For those who culture them.
Such regimen
Would swell her sources of vitality,
And prove an antidote to nameless ills
That vex the unquiet brain.
So might she find
The real element a safety valve,
And lend in hand with agriculture work,
Larning the science earliest taught by God
Into the first, most glorious man He made
In His own image—lord of Paradise.

A NIGHT "AMONG THE HILLS."

IN THREE PARTS.
BY * * * OF RALEIGH, N. C.

PART III.
WHAT a world of thought and reveries crowd
my mind. What wide and extensive fields
of contemplation lie before me. My mind is
now travelling far back, up the distant tracks
of time, to the remote period, when "The
morning stars sang together, and all the sons
of God shouted for joy." I see, with the men-
tal eye, the ancient shepherds watching their
flocks by night; while you same, silvery moon,
was pouring her streaming floods of soft, mel-
low light, upon their snowy heads, scattered
here and there upon the green, virgin hill-
sides, rapidly chewing their tiny ends. And
as my mind leisurely descended the majestic
current of time, to periods nearer our own;
contemplating some of the causes which were
probably instrumental in producing the rise,
vicissitudes and fall of empires; marking, the
while, the chequered progress and some of the
notable events which characterize by-gone
ages of the world; and admiring fancy's beau-
tiful landscapes which are scattered here and
there on every side: suddenly attracted by
deep, sorrowing groans, sadder and more
mournful than funeral requiems, sung by the
plaintive moanings of the sighing winds, it
revertedly stopped at the point of more than
1800 years ago, beside the garden of Geth-
semane. And there beholds the Divine form
of the Blessed Redeemer of the world, prostrate
upon the cold, damp ground; while the
night-dew that glistened upon His pale, sor-
row-stricken brow, was revealed in the silent,
obedient light of you same, lovely moon. And
oh! how sublimely touching and heart-rend-
ing must have been the deeply piteous and
woe-begone exclamation, which broke forth
from His Divine lips, sadly echoing through
the midnight stillness, "Father, if it be pos-
sible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless,
not as I will, but as Thou wilt!" And con-
templating, how different is the state of things
which now exists, and how different are the
scenes that now surround me, compared with
that which existed and the scenes which sur-
rounded this very spot, nearly four hundred
years ago, about the time Europeans first
landed upon our country's then inhospitable
shores. In vain did the demons of barbarity,
arrayed in the horrors of savage warfare com-
pire to stay the tide of civilization, which in the
providence of God, was destined to overspread
and pervade this favored land. And though
our sympathies are irresistibly excited and
our hearts are touched with sorrow, while con-
templating the sad fate of the aboriginal in-
habitants of this country; yet the conclusion
seems inevitable that the "Great Spirit" willed
the removal of the Indian and that, the "pale
face nation" should be planted in their stead;
in order that, the great works of civilization
and religion might flourish and be carried on,

in the new, western world. Had these noble
works been less universally carried on or these
holy ends more imperfectly attained, then in-
deed might the moralist and the philanthro-
pist object to such a conclusion. But where,
I would ask, in the uninspired history of the
world, has a nation been more highly favored
or known within so short a time to have made
such gigantic strides in civilization, in religion,
in learning, in the arts and sciences and in all
that is ennobling, elevating and refining?—
Ours is equally if not the most cultivated and
refined and certainly the freest and most pi-
ous, and consequently the happiest nation
upon the face of the globe. And oh! how
wild, how romantic and exquisitely beautiful,
must have been American scenery, at this gay
and lovely season of the year, prior to this dis-
covery by Europeans more than three hun-
dred and fifty years ago. The mind is lost in
adoration, while contemplating its silvery
lakes, reposing in virgin purity and only dis-
turbed by the splash of the Indian's paddle
as he darts his light canoe across their placid
bosoms; its majestic rivers, with their beau-
tiful banks overhung by clustering vines, in-
deed with ripe, purple grapes of the most de-
licious flavor; its long, meandering and de-
lightful line of seacoast; its mighty forests,
with their boundless continuity of shade;
abounding in birds of the brightest plumage
and sweetest song, together with the most
choice varieties of game; its picturesque
mountains which loom up in towering gran-
deur amid dashing torrents and dark ravines
its beautiful lakes and fragrant flowers. But
the brightest pictures are ever tinged with
some dark shades; and while contemplating
this beautiful scenery, my mind is asking the
sad question, where is the poor Indian, who
once roamed unrestrained and so happily, even
this wild and unstudied profusion of nature's
loveliness? Driven from his ancient hunting
grounds and from the last resting place of his
fathers, his last war hoop has sounded through
the deep, dark forests, his last camp-fire has
gone out, and the smoke lazily issuing from
his rude and humble wigwam, no longer curls
over the rocky hills, scenting the green val-
leys far around with the grateful fragrance of
savory venison; for expatriated and an out-
cast, he is gone, gone forever; while the name
of his once powerful nation is almost obliterated
from existence! Could one of his mighty
warriors rise from the silent dust, in which
he has been for centuries quietly reposing,
the places and the scenes which he once so fa-
miliarly knew, he would now know no more
forever; so strongly and so sadly altered would
all things appear. In vain would he cast his
proud, eagle eye around, to catch the faintest
glimpse of something to remind him of the
former glory and happiness of his nation. In
vain would he look around for one lone de-
scendant of those mighty braves who once so
nobly accompanied him to battle. And oh!
how vainly and sadly would he look around
for those beautiful squaws, the pride of his
nation, who were wont to join him in the war-
dance, while celebrating their victories around
the camp-fires at night. Those wild and un-
cultivated beauties, susceptible, doubtless,
of the highest intelligence and most refined ac-
complishments; and inherently possessing the
crude and unfashioned materials of those soft
virtues, gentle graces and kindly sympathies,
which everywhere characterize the daughters
of Eve; like fragile flowers rudely torn from
their parent stems and scattered by untimely
blasts, have perished amid the storms of deso-
lation, which have swept over their country
and nation. This lone Indian, finding nothing
in the sad change, which everywhere sur-
rounds him, to assuage the anguish of his tear-
less eyes upward to those bright skies (signifi-
cant instinct, so conclusive of the immortality
of the human soul) beyond which, the "Great
Spirit" dwells, he beholds in the beaming face
of you silvery moon, the only thing of all the
surrounding objects, to remind him of other,
happier days. And as he stands, with his
straight and towering figure erected to its
proud, commanding height and gazes at this
loved relic of other days, how alternately sad
and pleasing are the memories it awakens in
his bosom! There never was a people, who
were closer observers or who were more in-
fluenced by the moon's phases, than were the
Indians; though they are said to have incor-

porated many strange and ludicrous supersti-
tions into their rude and barbaric system of as-
tronomy. Hence the interest with which this
poor Indian regards the moon, so pregnant
with the halcyon reminiscences of by-gone
days. In its upright or inclined horns, his fa-
thers were wont to see indicated the heavy
mists which were to swell and inundate the
big rivers, so as to impede the chase or the
long draughts, affording no water to slake the
burning thirst of the huntsman, while poring
his gaze far into the deep recesses of the
forest. Many were the times in his boyhood's
happy days, when guided by its gentle light,
he followed the cautious and experienced
step of his venerable father, as he surprised
the timid fawn or peering hare and plucked
them with his quivering barb. It was, oh!
how well and how sadly does he remember
that, it was by the soft light of you same me-
lancholy moon that, he was wont to be-
low with his bow, the wild flowers planted by his
own hands and blooming upon the grave of
that lovely spouse, who first taught him to
love and around whom, the forest-dweller
of his brave heart too passionately entwined and
clung. The shock was too powerful even for
as stern a heart as his. With his brightest
hopes despoiled, heart-broken he lingered
awhile to meet a cold, mechanical part on the
thrilling drama of life around him; but to feel
none of those warm and inspiring impulses by
which others were actuated; for the well-
springs of his noble and once happy heart
were now dried up. But the imagination can
not conceive and language fails to express, the
emotions of this lone Indian, as he stands
straight and motionless with his proud and
though motionless eagle eye transfixed upon
the pale, cold moon, wrapt in the contempla-
tion of the past. This same lovely moon once
shone upon his nation, then reigning in un-
disputed freedom throughout the length and
breadth of this delightful country. Hence be-
holding it shining now, as he beheld it shining
then; but ah! upon what sadly altered scenes,
how melancholy! how inconceivably mel-
ancholy! are the memories and emotions, it
awakens in his mind! But turning his sad
gaze from the moon, which is now seen hang-
ing far away in the western heavens, he has
vanished and disappeared forever. And I
too am admonished to bid adieu to those hor-
rifying scenes, with their delightful train of reflec-
tions; for

The crimson blush of timid America,
Is suffusing the face of the dewy moon;
As returning the kiss, of her enamored day-spring,
She is startled by the sound of the huntsman's horn.

Good Night.

BY CLAIRE.

Ah, when from the loved we part,
It comes with gentle smiles,
And from the sad, wearied heart!
A part of its sorrow beguiles.
Ah, merry goodnight, loves tones have said
The dear ones, alas! sleeping with the dead.
Let's cold stream, pass not those so dear,
They have smiled and wept—
And have ceased from toil and care,
They have silently slept,
And the good-night is no longer heard,
By those who all our joys once shared.
When good-night has been faintly said,
And the last silent tear
Has fallen over the beloved dead—
When we have lost them here!
O, sad heart! look to that world of light,
Where will come again no mournful good-night.

N. C. MILITARY INSTITUTE AT CHARLOTTE.

The first Annual Catalogue of the Institution
has been laid upon our table. The Faculty
consists of Maj. D. H. Hill, (late Brevet Major
U. S. Army,) Superintendent, with four as-
sistants in the various branches of study taught.
The Academic Session opened on the first
of October last, with 60 Cadets and three Pro-
fessors. The Institution now, at the close of the
first session, numbers over 140 members; and
the corps of instruction has been doubled. A
large number of the Cadets are from the State
of North Carolina; yet there are among them
representatives from nearly every Southern
State. The superior qualifications of Major
Hill furnish ample security to those who may
wish to patronize a Military Institution that
the very best instruction and discipline will be
combined in the management of the North Car-
olina Military Institute.—Charlotte Democrat.

The drowned Love.

BY INA CLAYTON.

Deep down in my heart is a little cell
Where passion-moans do live and swell
Mid the memories of other years
My love was drowned in an ocean of tears.

RELIGIOUS WORLD.

THE REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

Mr. John Ross, of Hackney London, has
written a series of letters respecting Ireland,
under the title "The Country, the Churches
and the Revival." They were published in the
London Patriot. We give some extracts:

I. THE COUNTRY.—The past winter has
been extremely long and severe; great priva-
tions were needily endured, under a sense of
divine permission for spiritual ends. Social
progress in the abatement of drinking habits
and factious outbreaks, and in the increase of
personal industry, and improved clothing, feel-
ing, housing and general comfort, is most pal-
pable to any former visitor.

II. THE CHURCHES.—The Baptists and Con-
gregational churches are few and small. The
revival was a golden opportunity for them, but
they were "found wanting" fully to improve
it. It has nevertheless, certainly raised their
condition, numbers and piety. The Wesleyans
are more numerous and active, and conse-
quently realized more satisfactory results from
recent movements. The Presbyterians are nu-
merous and powerful. The grand results of
the revival are with them, in elevating piety,
a quickened ministry, increased activity and
proved liberality. Many devoted ministers
are beginning to perceive the blighting influ-
ence of State endowment, as Hulse, *Regina
Donna* and the like, in dwarfing an independ-
ent Christian generosity. They require high prin-
ciple to forego a material, positive, regular
supply, among an untrained people, and they
have much to endure on the grounds of pre-
scriptive right, heavy precedent, and powerful
interest; but the levity of spontaneous lib-
erality in working towards a full self reliance,
as appears from the determination to accom-
modate the recent converts with the chapel,
in and about Ballinacorney and Belfast, and a
greatly elevated general scale of contribu-
tion.

III. THE REVIVAL.—The varied, un-
doubted testimony to this glorious marvel of Divine
grace, borne by cab-drivers, commercial trav-
ellers, merchants and manufacturers, during
a month's continuous travel, would have con-
vinced the veriest infidel. Dr. Morgan said of
Dr. Gibson's just published volume, "The
Year of Grace:—It records the most splen-
did triumphs of grace ever known in the land.
Wonderful! truly wonderful!"

1. *Religion Paramount*.—A young minister
said his sense of nearness to God, and God's
constant observations of him for months, was
most delightful, yet almost overwhelming.
His wife observed, "The people, too seemed
infallible to business, pleasure, dress, food,
everything but religion."

2. *Gratifying Incident*.—A minister stretch-
ing his hand over a large district, said, "I
scarcely knew a family here which held do-
mestic worship before the revival. I scarcely
know one now that does not. Their love for
God's house and day and their concern to un-
derstand the Scriptures is remarkable. Discord
has given place to unity. Young men that
scoffed at prayer and prayer-meetings seem
never so happy as when attending them. Wild
vain songs are exchanged for hymns of praise,
and selfishness is supplanted by liberality."
Whose work can this be? My own nineteen
lectures and addresses on "Christian Finance"
were deemed most opportune. I was urged
to remain a year, and visit the churches in Je-
tail. Some churches taking the *Regina Do-
nna*, have resolved on a noble future. Let us
exercise patience, and give the time for so
great a change. Our own doings in Ireland,
sometimes at home, afford them little stimu-
lant.

3. *Aids*.—There is abundant proof that this
blessed work was preceded by much prayer in
America, anxiously solicited by Christians in
Ireland, as also in Ireland itself. Prayer dur-
ing the work has been constant and all-perva-
ding—its most conspicuous feature. A minis-
ter answered my inquiry into the precursors
of this work in his district by saying, "I don't

know, except the customarily united open-air
prayering of ministers of all denominations,
for a few previous summers." Had they thus
become a people prepared for the Lord, when
prayer for the Holy Spirit could be present-
ed.

4. *Present Attitude*.—A prayer loving, Sab-
bath loving, God-realizing, Bible-reading,
and seeking, home attending, helping, trusting
people, is arising. Is arising God for a recent rich
baptism of the Holy Ghost, and pleading for
its renewal. What sight on earth is more
beautiful? Shall it thus plead in vain?

There can be no question about the good
results of this blessed movement in Ireland—
Of course it has encountered the opposition of
wicked men in many places, but it has gener-
ally overcome all hindrances.

METHODISM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

An English paper says: Wesleyan Method-
ism is one of the wonders of the age of the
world. The increase of its members during
the past ecclesiastical year was 15,450 full
members, and 25,710 remain on trial. The
congregations for the ministry are more numerous
than in any former year. The missionary
collections for the year amount to \$790,000.

METHODISM IN FRANCE.

The Methodist in France count at present 152
chapels or places of worship; 22 ministers, 6
colporteurs; 72 local preachers; 1,413 mem-
bers, 65 on trial; 203 teachers; 1,891 pupils
in the Sunday schools.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES IN LONDON.

It is stated that London has 100,000 clergymen,
420 churches and 1,400 chapels, of which latter
the Independent has 125, the Baptists 100, the
Wesleyans 77, the Roman Catholics 59, the
Calvinists and English Presbyterians 10, the
Quakers 7, the Jews 10, and the numerous
other sects from one to five each.

ROMANIAN PILGRIMS INCREASING.

The number of pilgrims which arrived at
Jerusalem, the port of Mecca, in the year 1859,
was 50,000, of which 31,000 came by sea, and
19,000 by caravan. The number of the pre-
vious year was 100,000. The large decrease
is ascribed to the troubles which arose at Jeru-
salem in 1858, and to a dread of the cholera,
which carried off thousands of the pilgrims of
that year. From Jerusalem to Mecca, the dis-
tance is 15 hours journey by caravan.

**ANTI-CONFESSIONAL MOVEMENT AMONG RO-
MANISTS.**

The *Liverpool Courier* says:—A remarkable
movement is in operation amongst the Roman
Catholics of Manchester, as will be seen by the
following address, which has been extensively
circulated amongst the members of that body.
"Some Roman Catholics, holding entire the
Christian faith, so miraculously perpetuated,
in the Communion of the See of St. Peter, yet
deeming the office conferred in the Holy Sacra-
ment of Orders to be simply ministerial, and
authorizing the assumption by the minister of
God of the judicial character in the Confession-
al as obstructive of the free grace designed by
our Lord for sinners, in his institution of the
Holy Sacrament of Penance, are desirous of
forming under the special invocation of the
blessed Virgin Mary, an Association of Mem-
bers for earnest private prayer, in each other's
homes, that God will of his grace remove these,
and other scandalous of men's deriving from his
holy and immaculate Church."

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN SYRIA.

The American Board have nine mission sta-
tions in Syria, nine outstations, eleven mis-
sionaries, one printer, thirteen female assistant
missionaries, three native preachers, thirty-six
teachers and other native helpers. All, or
nearly all of these missionaries were gathered
at Beirut, at last accounts, having left their
stations for a place of greater safety; and as
Beirut is now the rendezvous of a large European
naval force, no fears need be entertained for
their safety. The Presbyterians also have mis-
sions in that country.

PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.

A French paper says that a fierce persecu-
tion has broken out against the Christians in
Cochin China. Their villages have been des-
troyed, some of their priests are in custody
awaiting death, the missionaries are hiding
from the vengeance of the government in the
woods, and the whole Christian population has
been dispersed. No cause for this sudden out-
break is assigned.

WASHINGTON, TUESDAY, July 31, 1860

Orders have been received at the Gosport Navy-Yard to fit out the steam-frigate Pensacola for sea with all possible dispatch. She is destined for the Gulf, and will be the flagship of the squadron on that station.

The Roman Emperor Heraclius, after hav-

acknowledged by Louis XV., and when General Bonaparte was before Acre, in 1798, recognized the fact that "the Maronites had been French since time immemorial." To crown all, the Turks themselves, in their dealings with the Maronites, always speak of us as the "Franco-Maronite" nation, and the French consul, whenever the Mass is read in his presence, draws his sword as the sign

News from the Pacific

NEWS FROM JAPAN.

The Onward brings Japanese dates to the week of June.

The Onward brings Japanese dates to the south of India.

ring May and June.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

The news from Shanghai is to the 20th May.

The trade of the city was almost suspended

The news from Shanghai is to the 26th May.

VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.

$$\uparrow \text{S.G.} \quad \uparrow \text{S.G.}$$
[illegible]

On Friday, June 16th, we made a post mortem examination upon the body of Mr. John Kelly, who resided at the time of his death

pect his recovery. His difficulty at that time was inflammation of the lungs, and a most extraordinary disturbance of the heart's action. Since that illness his heart difficulty has continued to increase gradually—at times its beatings could be observed ten or fifteen feet distant. Our theory is, that this ball remained in the vein where it was shot, and that it

town strength, together with all the assistance his friend could render him; and once they were upon slackening the line, they came very near being drawn into the water over their heads, and as they could not swim, would have drowned.

Geo. Aldrich, a convict, who had just served a term of five years in the Virginia

life, that they threaten to supply themselves with force of arms, unless they are otherwise relieved immediately.

Times' Correspondence.

RIP VAN WINKLE, AUG. 3, 1861.

My dear Times: But a little over a decade ago, a new county was formed, situated between Ireland on the east and Caldwell on the west (or was Caldwell at that time formed?) to which was given the name Alexander. After much discussion and waste of words, the good citizens determined to locate the Court House, wherever the interesting village of Taylorsville stands. A very commendable liberality was manifested by the landholders, who gave up to it lands to the service of the county and the State. Those who managed the affairs of the county, did their duty, for they effected such good sales of the lots as to pay for the erection of all the public houses in the county, except the county jail, and lay out the village handsomely without the usual income of tax. And it is said the county trustees have in their hands, sufficient to pay for and improve for many years.

Notwithstanding this clever and skilful management, Taylorsville has withal somewhat of an old appearance. Located as it is, one would not expect that it was a market for much trade. No one there has much, unless the resources of the county were developed, and Taylorsville connected with the active world by a Railroad. Earnest efforts have been made and are now making to effect this object, in which event new life will be imparted to, and greater success given, the exertions in behalf of Alexander.

There is a very fine view of the "Riverside Mansions" from different parts of the town. These mansions are a northern and western founder and grand of the quiet village below. They are a spur, or more properly, a parallel range to the Blue Ridge. Though not so rough and rocky as the Blue Ridge, yet they combine much of the picturesque grandeur of the mountains with the more gentle undulations of the hills.

Now Taylorsville without risk of insurrectionary success. The United Baptist Institute, which has been successful operation for five years (perhaps longer) is located here. It is now under the care of Prof. Barker. There are two literary societies in connection with the Institute, which, as always is the case, gives a literary character and emulation to young men, otherwise difficult to obtain. These titles are taken from the representatives of Greek philosophy and Roman oratory respectively. (I should wonder if there will not be some of their corps, a Ciceronian or a Platonist.)

Scarcely the people of Taylorsville a hot and temperate folk. Were they but as active in establishing their own better, as in making peace, happy, or were they but as zealous for their own honor as some of their countrymen, it would soon be a place of enterprise and business. A little taste and in an energy would make it a beautiful resort. Convenient and comfortable houses of worship are abundant, in some one of which there is always service.

"Beauty blazes everywhere"—but some flowers are born to a "black" use. Scarcely suppose that is the case in T. Yet there were many of the fairest away gliding other eyes and hearts.

And such a standard a black should come were it possible on the face of even.

Yours, ever damagingly,

SCARLETT.

New York, August 11th, 1861.

Dear Times:—The close of another week admonishes me that I owe you another letter, which debt I will now proceed to cancel in manner and form following, to wit: that is to say: New York, since the statement of the meteoric excitement, is enjoying a season of quietude almost unparalleled in her history. The shouts of "Great Eastern!" "Zouaves!" "Reinforcements!"—no more salute the ear, but in their stead a stream of dull monotone, not sound, arising from the concussion of a thousand and one cart wheels with the pavement below, is being continually poured into the meiotic audibilities of our auditory apparatus.

The wrangle between the Council men and Aldermen about the liquidation of that little Japanese bill is still going on. The Aldermen refuse to give the items, and the Council men, very properly, refuse to "conform." Next Tuesday, the 14th, is the day set apart for the final adjudication of the matter. The end is not yet.

The New York military have gotten up a Zouave regiment upon the Chicago plan, which I doubt not, will soon rival its famous prototype.

During the last week there seems to have been a general street cleaning—nearly every street and avenue presenting crowds of sweepers, scrappers and carriers, who were quite successful in "raising the dust." I suppose that the city authorities wish to have the city present a clean face on the arrival of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, or rather his Lordship, the Earl of Renfrew. This is right. I would rather have a little dust now than to have it all then.

The foreign news is just now particularly interesting. The Italian question is daily growing more and more interesting. All eyes are turned toward Dictator Garibaldi, who certainly has the sympathy of a large number of the European powers, especially of England. Garibaldi's forces suffered severely in a recent engagement near Messina, and he was wounded in the foot. The following letter from one of the Dictator's generals to the Governor of Sicily is in striking contrast to some of our long-winded dispatches, and conveys at once the idea of a fighting officer:

BARCELONA, July 17. 7:15 P. M.

The enemy endeavored to turn my extreme right. I sent four companies against him. Most animated battle. The enemy, with a force of 2,000 men, with artillery and cavalry, was repulsed. He retired on Milazzo. Our loss, seven killed and several wounded. That of the enemy was considerable.

MEDICAL.
It is believed that the Porte will put at the disposal of the European intervention in the settlement of the Syrian difficulties, in which event there will likely be a collision between the two parties. Result: a division of the Ottoman Empire between England, France, Russia and Prussia. And the sooner this end is accomplished the better for all parties concerned. My sympathies have always been with the Turks, and I am convinced by the recent events which have transpired in Syria, that they cannot longer govern themselves, and are therefore fit subjects to be governed.

Yours truly,
EDGAR ORVILLE.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

LOUIS ROSSINI.

It is said that the great Magyar, who is now in Paris, felt keenly the death of his sister, and that when he read the account of the execution, and respect manifested by the gentleman of Brooklyn, N. Y., at her funeral, he wept, and exclaimed: "Oh, that those people were my people, and their God my God!" From some mysterious source Rossini receives quarterly \$1,000, the accompanying note being simply that it is from a friend in America, and that it is intended for his personal expenditure.

ADD-EM-EM.

In nothing have the unfeeling and cold spirit of Louis Napoleon been more conspicuous than in his treatment of the Arab chief, who has been lately styled the Sultan of the modern crusades. In 1861 to 1867 this chief and his associates defeated the French army against some of the first generals of France. The Arabian campaign was the trading school of those warriors whose names have since become so famous in the Crimea and in the Army of Italy, and in Abdul Kader they found a worthy worthy of their steel. He was at last taken by surprise, and in 1847 carried a prisoner to Paris. This was during the last days of the reign of Louis Philippe, who, while intruding magnanimity and discernment, could not find a small garrison tower in the South of France.

But when that wonderful man, Louis Napoleon, came into power, he at once, and in direct opposition to the advice of his Ministry, liberated the Arab chief, took him under his personal care, and in 1855 consented to his removal to Algeria in Asia Minor. He has since that time occasionally visited France, and it is believed that certain changes in the government of the Algerian provinces were the result of his suggestion. Abdul-Kader is now the warm personal friend of the Emperor, and it is said his powerful influence will be exerted to put an end to the fearful disorders in Syria. Everything which the hand of that mysterious man at the head of France touches seems to be moulded to his will. Every turn of even's seems to harmonize with his interests. Is all this fine splendour of his life, as he himself has always believed, a Man of Destiny?—Rich. Dispatch.

THE WIVES OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

It is an interesting fact in connection with the several candidates for the Presidency that they all have Northern wives. Lincoln married a lady of Lexington, Ky., where his opponent, Breckinridge, was born and married; Mr. Bell's wife, we believe, also is a native of Kentucky; and Mr. Douglas married a native of Maryland—his first wife was a native of North Carolina. It is a creditable fact in the histories of these several candidates, which will go far to redeem the errors and shortcomings of some of them, that they should come to the South for wives. Doubtless their success and prominence have been as much due to their wives as to themselves. Southern ladies far surpass others in the quality of winning friends for their husbands, and in promoting their advancement in public favor. They are more thoroughly identified with their husbands, guard their interests with a more devoted zeal and cultivate in a larger degree those gentle and captivating traits which often extend a shield over a public man, protecting him from violent assaults, and at the same time affording him a solace for the annoyances and disgusts of his position.

We had almost forgotten to add that Gen. Houston, who is also a candidate for the Presidency, is married to a Southern lady, and furnishes in his own case a splendid illustration of the influence of a devoted wife. The excesses and dissipation which threatened at one time to make a miserable wreck of this remarkably gifted man, no longer stain his character and disgrace his position.—Augusta Dispatch.

A brilliant aurora borealis was seen in Charleston, S. C., on Tuesday night.

Mrs. Melvina Morris committed suicide at Columbus, Ga., on the 8th inst., by drowning herself.

BEECHER A. D. D.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was dubbed a D. D. by the Amherst College on Thursday. He was awarded a similar honor some years ago by a western college, but declined it. It is, however, thought he will accept the present compliment.

A DUEL NEAR DANVILLE.

Our readers will remember the statement in our last issue, that Messrs. A. J. Clark and Edmund Fitzgerald had been bound over in bonds of \$2,000 each, by Alderman Rison, to keep the peace, because of some cards which they had published derogatory of each other. But the difficulty not being adjusted, the parties left Danville Monday evening last, with their seconds and surgeons, to settle the affair at the last resort, a mortal combat. Mr. R. D. Wade acted as second and Dr. E. P. Withers as surgeon for Fitzgerald, and Clark was accompanied by Mr. Stebbins as second and Dr. W. Cole as surgeon. The weapons used were rapiers—distance forty paces. The meeting took place near the Yanceyville Plank Road, about half a mile beyond the State line, and some three miles from Danville. At sunrise, Tuesday morning, the affair came off. One shot was exchanged. Clark was untouched. Fitzgerald received a severe but not dangerous wound just above the stomach. The combatants with their left shoulders facing each other, and Clark's hand struck Fitzgerald's breast bone, very nearly at a vital point, but glanced from the breast bone and lodged near the surface, some two inches from the point where it entered. Both of the principals reeled in Pittsylvania county, a few miles from Danville, and both are engaged in the quiet occupation of farming, which latter circumstance renders this a somewhat unusual case in the history of the duello.—Lex. Register.

THE CARNIVAL OF BLOOD IN TEXAS.

A letter writer at Houston, Texas, gives the following:
Since my last, this place has been comparatively quiet, but one or two insignificant shootings and stabbing affairs having taken place, though accounts from the interior have all along borne a sanguinary hue, and a sub-placidous Texas appears to be in the midst of one of those strange and unaccountable moral epidemics which take their rise in causes beyond the reach of human understanding and culminate in scenes of blood and terror. In looking over the State papers for the past six weeks, I have noticed more than fifty cases of shooting and stabbing, to say nothing of depredations by the Indians. As a marked peculiarity of the blood letting mania in Texas, you must have noticed the infrequency of appeals to the rule of honor by which disputes are settled in southern States. Regular duels are events of rare occurrence in Texas, "difficulties" being usually settled in the street.

ADVENTURES OF A NEEMLE.

The Clinton (V. W.) Courier states that about 15 years ago Mr. Joseph Whitehead, of that village, railway conductor, then living in Scotland, had the misfortune to run a needle into his leg, which broke, leaving the point half so deeply fixed, therein as to baffle the efforts of a physician to withdraw it. He continued lame for some time, but eventually all pain left him, and he felt no inconvenience from the intruder until Wednesday, the 1st inst., when he experienced a sharp pain in his leg, under the arm pit, which so annoyed him that he had the spot examined by Mrs. W., who after a little effort, succeeded in dislodging with her unaided fingers the identical piece of needle which had so baffled the doctor, amaze and added, as he was, with his probes and lancets thirteen years before.

PETROLEUM FROM VIRGINIA.

We yesterday had the opportunity of examining some of the Sevenside, or rock oil, which has recently been obtained on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near what is now known as the "Petroleum" Station. The rocks are bored or drilled until the depth is reached, when the oil rises to within a short distance of the surface, and is withdrawn by small iron pumps, at a trifling cost. In this crude state it flows almost as readily as water, and has a greenish black color, but the odor is less pungent than that of some kinds of coal oil obtained by distillation from gas. A number of barrels of the oil have been shipped to Wheeling, Va., and a few gallons sent to this city, to be subjected to chemical examination at the laboratory of the Polytechnic College.—Philadelphia American.

Mr. Keitt, of S. C., cries out for a Southern Confederacy, and his words are echoed by others in South Carolina, and in some of the "Cotton States," whilst Wm. Lloyd Garrison in Massachusetts, takes up the burden of their song, and shouts—"No union with slaveholders!"—and demands "a Northern government." And thus the country is rent in twain by ultra-factionists, North and South. There is a common, safe, constitutional ground to stand on.—Alexander Gazette.

As a specimen of the rapidity with which grain is loaded at Chicago, it is stated that the bark Great West took on board last week 32,000 bushels of corn at Sturges' elevator warehouse in two hours and a half, including stoppages, and of this 22,000 bushels went on board through five spouts in about five minutes.

NEW RIFLE CANNON.

The new-invented rifle cannon, which is being tried at Watch Hill, (Conn.) has been fired six times. The target, which is a board fence twenty feet long and ten feet high, is six miles distant. The worst shot that has been made came within six feet of the centre of the target. The cannon was invented by Gen. James, of Rhode Island. It uses but twelve pounds of powder to each shot.—New London Star.

LATE FROM MEXICO.

New Orleans, August 9.—By the arrival at this port to-day of the schooner Star, we have Vera Cruz dates to the 29th ultimo. The Star brings very important dispatches for the Department of State and the Navy Department, which will be sent to Washington immediately. A consignment of five million dollars, was expected at Vera Cruz from the Capital. Miramón was still at Lagos, where he was so hemmed in by the Liberals that it was thought he would not be able to make his escape.

FALL OF BLACK RAIN.

The Winkworth [Big] Advertiser says: The phenomenon of a fall of discolored rain occurred in Brassing on and neborho d, on Monday night, June 18th. It was so dark in its hue as to appear of a blue black, in quantities of less than half a gallon, and when massed in a clean tin receiver, it seemed as black as dye in a dyer's vat. A glassful was taken and left undisturbed for eight or nine hours; its color in the glass was of a dull leaden tinge, it deposited in sediment and remained as transparent as colored glass of the same shade.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

The "Horrible Murder at Lon J Branch" has traced out a hoax. A correspondent of a morning paper writes: "I was informed by Mr. Abe Reed, the proprietor of the National, that the fishermen had found a boat just before four o'clock last night full of blood, and one of his eels had killed it—and the jug in question was his—and that some of the barbers had got some hair and put it with the blood on the club and the boat; and the whole affair turns out to be a regular hoax. I have seen the jug in question and Mr. West is around here, as well as he ever was and the two negroes have not run away from the National Hotel. I find no Coroner here at all, but all the people are enjoying themselves—some in building wheels walking, promenading upon the beach, others, out riding and the men in general eating and drinking."

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

The following table in relation to the several candidates for President and Vice President, shows the State in which they were born, when they were born, their present age, and where they now reside:

For President.	For Vice President.	Age.	State.
J. C. Breckinridge, Ky.	1841	39	Ky.
S. A. Douglas, Ill.	1817	47	Ill.
Abraham Lincoln, Ill.	1809	51	Ill.
John Bell, Tenn.	1797	63	Tenn.
Sam. Houston, Tex.	1793	67	Texas.
For Vice President.			
H. V. Johnson, Ga.	1812	49	Ga.
Sam. A. Houston, Md.	1809	51	Md.
Joseph Lane, N. C.	1804	56	N. C.
Edward Everett, Mass.	1794	66	Mass.

FIGHT ON THE GREAT EASTERN.

On Friday afternoon a fight took place on board the Great Eastern, between Washington Goodrich, of Baltimore, and one of the officers, in which the latter was roughly handled. It appears that Goodrich observed the officer practice rudeness towards two ladies, and reported him for such conduct, when the officer replied to him in insolent manner. Goodrich knocked him down and administered a few kicks. The affray created quite an excitement.

FOURTH WAGON ON THE SEABOARD.

Edwin Forrest, the actor, has accepted an engagement with the Seaboard, to play for a month. He is to perform in the principal cities of the Union. This is his first appearance in New York for three years.

INDIANS ATTACKED BY U. S. TROOPS.

A dispatch from Lawrence, Kas., states that Lieut. Stewart, with a small party of troops, on the 11th inst., went in pursuit of a party of Kiowa Indians who had been giving considerable trouble by their depredations, overtook them and chastised them, killing two and taking sixteen prisoners. None of Lieut. Stewart's party are reported to be hurt. The Kiowas and Comanches have recently been committing various outrages on the Arkansas river.

MURDER STALKING.

Ephraim Bullock, who was arrested in Washington city, in possession of a slave of Jno. A. Small, of Columbia, Tyrell county, N. C., has been sent back to North Carolina for trial. In that State the penalty for negro stealing is death.—Richmond Dispatch.

RETURNED.

When the insult was given Mr. Dallas at the English National Statistic Association by Lord Brougham, Prof. A. B. Longstreet, of Georgia, the only accredited delegate from the United States to the Association, left the room, and the next day published a communication in the London Morning Chronicle declining to return to it.

ELECTIONS IN OTHER STATES.

Elections took place on Monday last in Missouri for Governor and members of Congress, and in Kentucky for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and in Arkansas for Governor and two members of Congress.

In Kentucky Gen. Leslie Combs, the Union candidate, is elected by from 5,000 to 10,000 majority. Barrett, Dem., is elected to Congress from the St. Louis District in Missouri for the short term, and Blair, Republican, is elected for the long term. Sample Orr, the Union candidate for Governor, has a majority of over 2000 in the St. Louis District.

In Arkansas Johnson, Reg. Dem., is elected Governor by probably 10,000 majority over Rector, Ind. Dem.

DROWNED AT CAPE MAY.

Thomas Jefferson Budgett, of North Carolina was drowned while bathing on the 8th inst. Every effort was made to resuscitate him, but failed.

PLEASING COINCIDENCE.

A singular coincidence in the movements of two men-of-war which took place recently is worth remarking. An English frigate, prized by all loyal Britons for having captured a Yankee craft, and a Yankee frigate, whose heroic defeat and seizure of two British national ships fill so glorious a page in our naval annals, both being in maritime parlance, "invalids," have within a few days of each other, been equipped for a cruise and sent to sea. Her Majesty's frigate Shannon, the captor of the Chesapeake, left Portsmouth, England a few days ago, to make her annual cruise; and old Ironsides, commanded by an officer of 1812 notoriety, a little while after left Portsmouth, United States, for a cruise, preparatory to taking her station at Annapolis. Each was about to be broken up yesterday, and each was saved by a song writer. Messrs. Holmes and Tennyson have poetically commemorated with "the powers that be" against destroying "those old monuments of naval heroism."

SOLAR CONJUNCTION.

A singular case occurred yesterday afternoon, between two and three o'clock, which goes far to demonstrate an intensity of heat unknown in this latitude. The road-nests of a building at the corner of Bath and Third streets, exposed to the direct rays of the sun, were observed to be very hot during the entire day. At half past two a dark smoke began to rise from the steps, and in a few moments they blazed up, to the astonishment of the denizens of the house. The steps were of flat iron, and as no other solution of the origin of the fire is given, the cause must be that it was a case of solar combustion. It may be remembered the ignition of matches exposed to the sun's rays have been assigned as the cause of one or two conflagrations recently occurring in this city.—Phil. Exp. Aug. 8th.

A BIRD OF THE WAR OF 1812.

The Bangor (Maine) Union says: While at Bangor on Thursday last, we saw the big Frelch, which was in an engagement with the Warship 48, on the 19th. The Frelch is now about 52 years old, is owned in the Province of New Brunswick, we believe, and has undergone considerable change in exterior arrangements since her fight with the Warship.

CROPS IN OHIO AND ILLINOIS.

A letter from Ohio says: The new wheat crop of Ohio is nearly all in, and the yield will be beyond all precedent. The farmers of the Buckeye State will this year draw from their soil bread—the earth—2,000,000 bushels of wheat. So abundant is the crop, as compared with former years, that prices have fallen largely within a few days.

From an Illinois paper we quote: For twenty years there have not been such crops of corn, wheat, oats, rye and barley as have been raised this year. Nothing can prevent the harvest of a full crop of corn in all, except the two northeastern corners of counties, but in early frost. Wisconsin, a small country, is estimated to yield one million bushels of wheat, two millions of oats and barley this year. One township in Knox county will have 350,000 bushels of corn and the county from three and a half to four millions of bushels. One farmer near Sterling, on one section of 640 acres, will have \$15,000 worth wheat and other crops in proportion. Of course with such a crop there is a great want of hands, and wages are from \$1.25 to \$2 per day. It is expected that everybody who keeps Thanksgiving in Illinois this year.

The Nevada (Texas) Express, of the 21st, informs us that an abolitionist was caught at Fort Worth, who had just distributed fifty guns and fifty six shoters among the negroes. Another man was arrested in Parker county for a similar act. Both men were hung.

Another trial of speed between the famous trotting horses Flora Temple and George M. Patchen came off at New York on Thursday. Flora was declared the winner after a spirited contest.

A NEW SECT.

A new religious sect, styled the "Soul Sleepers," has recently made its appearance at Fairfield, Iowa, where 4 men and a woman, apostles of the sect have been staying for a short time. They are opposed to churches, deny the divinity of our Saviour, teach that the soul is a material substance, and that it sleeps with the body until the resurrection.

GALVANIZING SLEEK WORMS.

A Paris correspondent writes to the New York World as follows:

Silk worms require as much persuasion to induce them to work as the laziest negroes. M. Sauvageon reports to the French Academy his experience in the matter. Finding the little things torpid and unwilling to work, the idea struck him to stir them up by electricity. The results, as he gives them, are really marvellous. He took fifty three worms at random from among thousands belonging to a neighbor, put them every day on a sheet of iron plate, through which a current of electricity was passed, kept them there each time as long as they could stand it, and now has fifty three beautiful cocoons, an amount which his neighbor will not obtain to all appearances, from several thousand ungalvanized worms. If these results may be relied on, he has made a very valuable discovery.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday, August 18, 1860.

C. C. COLE, Editor and Proprietor.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARPENTER, D.D.,
J. STARK HOLLOWAY,
J. H. SIGGERS,
MRS. B. A. DENISON,
F. J. C. WHITNEY,
MRS. C. J. JAMES,
WILLIAM E. PARSON,
J. A. CLAYTON,
C. G. DENN,
ANNAS M. BATES,
GRACE KILWOOD,
MRS. L. M. HUNTER,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
MRS. C. HITCHINS,
GRIFITH J. MOORE,
and others.

The Duty of Humanity.

Our Declaration of Independence declares not only the civil rights of man to life and property, but also the liberty to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. It would, therefore, be utterly inconsistent with the principles of our government to dictate to even our own citizens how they should worship God, and much more so to the people of any other nation. But there is an interference we conceive not inconsistent either with the principles of our government, or the demands of humanity. Every humane principle of civilization would urge prompt and decisive interference where one sect or government was oppressing another and a weaker for religious sentiments. Allowing the despot of a nation as much civil authority as it may be possible for him to claim, yet it is the imperative duty of every civilized country to interfere in any instance of cruelty and inhumanity.

It will be remembered that only a few years since the nationality of Turkey was preserved in this manner. The Czar of Russia assumed the religious guardianship of Turkey, she refused to acknowledge his authority, which led to the war of the Crimea, and which, but for the interference of England and France, would have resulted in the downfall of the Turkish Empire.

Strangely forgetful of this help and interference in her behalf, Turkey is now aiding and encouraging the Bruses in their cruel and exterminating wars upon the Maronites, Greeks, and all other Christians. Now what shall be done with Turkey? We are glad to see that England and France have decided to interfere and to put a stop to the bloody scenes. They ought to have acted earlier, and the United States should have joined them. Americans have suffered in these conflicts, and shall they look in vain for help from home? We have instances of interference in our past history. The New York Journal of Commerce names the following:

"When Mr. Webster was Secretary of State, he directed the American Consul at Beirut or Aleppo (we forget which) to go to Damascus and remonstrate, in the name of the President of the United States and of this entire nation, with the Pasha of that city, and enjoin him to put an end to the slaughter of the poor Jews that was going on in that city; and he did. Nor were his efforts in vain. There is not a Jew in all Damascus that does not remember that a t of interference with the deepest gratitude. And yet there were in those days no such tender ties as exist now to bind in a social and touching manner, American hearts to the destinies of Damascus."

It also brings to mind the energy displayed by Mr. Fillmore, whilst President, with Mr. Everett, his Secretary of State, when Rev. Dr. King, of Athens, was thrown into prison. "The United States frigate Cumberland, at Boston, received orders to get ready for sea with the utmost dispatch, and sail straight for Athens, (or its seaport, the Piræus) and the San Jacinto, then at Smyrna, received, as quickly as possible, orders to join the Cumberland at Piræus, bring down the Hon. George P. Marsh, our Ambassador at Constantinople, to inquire into Dr. King's case, and report to this government. This he did report."

And Mr. President Pierce, finding the Greek Government dilatory in paying the indemnity, sent Mr. Pryor, in 1855, in a ship of war, to demand prompt payment, and the indemnity was paid. It can scarcely be doubted that President Buchanan will de-patch a competent force to demand protection for Americans, and all who take shelter under our flag.

The latest intelligence from Europe states that the Sultan of Turkey, seeing the stand taken by England and France, has put a stop to the war, and declares he intends to investigate rigorously into the difficulty and to punish the guilty. Under the influence of this action, France has put a stop to the armament preparing to embark for the defence of the Christians.

We conceive there is still a necessity, however, that a sufficient force of foreign authority should be kept in the Syrian ports to insure a permanent and safe treaty. It should be a disgrace to civilization to permit such blood-thirsty cruelty and inhumanity.

Douglas in Illinois.

The St. Louis Republican, in noticing a Douglas meeting which was held on Wednesday last at Springfield, Illinois, says that it was the largest political gathering ever known within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant." The number of people present was variously estimated at from thirty to forty thousand:

"The city was alive with enthusiasm during the entire day. At an early hour in the morning the people commenced pouring into town from every quarter, and in every sort of conveyance; cannons were fired, bands of music and processions paraded the streets all the forenoon, and the town seemed ablaze with enthusiasm, the like of which—according to the authority of those competent to make the assertion—has not been seen since the days of 1840. In the afternoon the crowd assembled in Edwards' Grove, a short distance from the town, and able speeches were made by Messrs. J. A. McClelland, Member of Congress, Jas. C. Allen, candidate for Governor, Col. Richardson, Hon. John Logan, and others."

AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY J. STARK HOLLOWAY.

New Book by Capt. Mayne Reid—One and Twenty—Jesse Cameron: The Sunny South—Home Book of Health—A Man—Echoes of Europe, by a Southerner—Barry's Fruit Garden—American Woods and Forest Plants—Life in the Desert.

We entertain the profoundest admiration for the whole Reid family, albeit their names are spelled as differently as if blown from the four quarters of the earth. There is Buchanan Reid, our sweet Philadelphia Painter-Poet, everybody loves him. Then there is Charles Reid, who gave us the "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone." Then Henry Reid, who was one of the most graceful of critics and essayists. Then John Edmund Reid, whose name should be spelled with three e's, for variety's sake. Last of all, is Captain Mayne Reid, with an "i" in it; the gallant Captain, who does no discredit to the "i," being wide enough awake to suggest the supposition of eyes all over. His last book, *The Wood Ranger, Or The Trappers of Sonora*, is one of the most spirited pictures of wild life that has come under our observation. Mayne Reid describes with a keen relish, investing remote and startling adventures and descriptions with the most accurate and circumstantial details of truth. *The Wood Ranger* is one of his best, and is fully equal to the celebrated "War Trail." It is handsomely illustrated, and forms a very neat duodecimo volume, uniform with the author's previous volumes. Mr. R. M. DeWitt, New York, who issues it, prints it from advance sheets, placing it before American readers prior to its publication in England.

The same publisher, (also T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia) have a delightful new novel, in paper covers, octavo, entitled *One and Twenty*, by the author of "Wildflower." Of this last named romance we entertain the pleasantest recollections, and are glad to see that the public have given it appreciation to the tune of ten large editions. *One and Twenty* is equally deserving favor, and we hope may be so successful as to induce Mr. DeWitt to reprint the fair author's early novel, "The House of Elmore."

Another of Mr. DeWitt's recent pamphlet novels is *Jessie Cameron*, a Scottish Story, by Lady Rachel Butler. This is issued at half the price of the other, that is to say at twenty five cents. The price appears ridiculous compared with that of the English edition, about five dollars. It is never worth the latter than the former.

Here is a title that takes our fancy on the spot: *The Sunny South, or The Southerner at Home*, embracing Five Years' Experience of a Northern Governor in the Land of the Sugar and the Cotton, Edited by Professor J. H. Ingraham. The Rev. Mr. Ingraham will be remembered as the author of that immense successful narrative "The Prince of the House David," of which 100,000 copies have been sold. His sanction of a work is an endorsement of which any young author may be proud. In the instance of *The Sunny South* it is not surpassed. We have rarely peeped within the covers of a more appealing volume. Although not intended as an answer to the foul untruths in the Uncle Sam tract of the last ten years, it nevertheless does unmercifully haul back to their source all lies of such a nature, and we are glad to believe that the book will be read in thousands of northern homes. The south also should take to it benignantly for independent of its truthfulness and integrity it is one of the liveliest and most entertaining books of the year. We could tell a story of its early history, but shall not, just now.

Mr. George G. Evans, of the famous Gift Book Establishment, Philadelphia, whence is issued the above volume, also publishes *The Home Book of Health and Medicine*, with Illustrations, By Dr. W. A. Alcott. This gentleman is one of the most successful and honored medical practitioners and theorists of this century. His name is respected far and wide, and his previous treatises on health, food, etc., are read wherever the language is spoken. His "Young Mother," and "Young House-keeper" especially are immensely popular, and have exercised a powerful and healthful influence among the two classes to whom they are addressed. The new *Home Book* is more com-

prehensive than any of the author's former volumes, and will be found still more desirable for individuals and families. We refer the reader for a full notice of the plan of this admirable work to "The Book Department" of the "Times" of July 28th. Both this volume and the preceding are on the well known "Gift Catalogue" of our enterprising Philadelphia publisher.

Another well-known Philadelphia firm, Messrs. James Challen & Son, issue this week a work to which we would call the reader's attention. Its title, *A Man, or the Higher Pleasures of the Intellect*, though comprehensive enough, certainly, yet hardly does justice to the character of the volume in the power which it has of enlightening the reader's attention. Though a philosophical work it does not aim at that dignified dullness so usual to works of this kind, and concerning which "A. K. H. B." discourses so pleasantly in the last number of "Fraser's Magazine." On the contrary the interesting subjects, which it discusses are treated in a manner to fascinate, not repel, the reader, the themes ranging from grave to gay, and illustrated by wit, taste, acuteness and common sense. The life of the student; the powers of the mind; the various attainments of the poet, the hero, the inventor, the orator, with comparisons of their several natures, and monographs of individual character, are all treated in a fresh and agreeable manner, that even the confirmed novel reader can find delight in. We have long wanted a work on mental culture freed from the intolerable wooden-headedness of Mahan, Brooks, and other writers on the subject, and we can now say, here it is.

A southerner's book of foreign travel is also issued by the same enterprising firm. It is entitled *Echoes of Europe, or Word Pictures of Travel*, by E. K. Washington; and forms a large, liberal-looking crown octavo volume of 700 pages. Beginning at Havre, Rouen and Paris, Mr. Washington took the run of all the cities and places of interest in France, England, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, etc., visiting and viewing with an intelligent appreciation and a hearty sympathy thoroughly in character with the sunny land to which he owes his warm and genial temperament. The author writes also with spirit and animation, and generally in an off-hand, unconventional manner, though at times he is betrayed into the ambition of fine writing, when he wanders into platitudes, and necessary failure. With some judicious erasing, and a little more care, the volume would be one of the best yet written on the very best-written subject of European travel. As it is the reader will prize it highly especially if he be among the untravelled multitude who would have an intelligent man's memoranda and description of scenes and places of which no one should be ignorant. The volume is beautifully printed, and should be found in every library.

From the well-known Agricultural Book House of Messrs. C. M. Saxton Barker, & Co. Park Row, New York, is issued an important work for the farmer, the fruit grower, or the man who has only room for six trees about his garden. It is called *The Fruit Garden, A Treatise* intended to illustrate the physiology of Fruit trees, the Theory and Practice of all operations connected with the propagation, transplanting, pruning and training of orchard and garden trees, the laying out and planning of every variety of orchard and garden to the best advantage, the selection of suitable varieties of fruit, etc., the whole embellished with over 150 cuts illustrative of different parts of trees, insects destructive to their growth, etc. Particular attention is given to the cultivation of dwarf trees. The author's name, Mr. P. Barry, of the Rochester Nurseries, is a guarantee of the thoroughness of this excellent duodecimo. The work is adapted for every climate.

The same publishers issue *American Woods and Useful Plants*, By Wm. Darlington, M. D. Revised with additions, and 300 very finely executed illustrations; 1 handsome large duodecimo volume. The first edition of this work very different from the present, was published by Dr. Darlington in 1847. It is a treatise on agricultural botany, enumerating and describing the useful plants which require attention for their culture, and the troublesome and useless against which the attention of the agriculturist must be directed. The work has long been a standard with our American farmers, and in the present revised form unites all its past useful features with the discoveries, introductions and improvements of recent years. The classification is remarkably clear, and while scientific information is so arranged that its practical value is made the most of, scattered through the volume are the evidences that a love of agriculture comforts with a taste for all learning, and that the pursuit itself is a most intelligent one. To our southern friends who have not yet made the acquaintance of the book we earnestly commend it.

We know of nothing more capital for a hot day, when the stimulus to keep one awake must be strong, than a new volume of daring adventure, entitled *Life in the Desert*, recent editions of Travel in Asia and Africa, which Messrs. Mason, & Brothers of New York, have just published in a portly looking duodecimo of over 500 pages. The work is translated from the French, in which lively tongue it has met with a success equal to the adventures of M. Girard. The author is a traveler of the right nature. There is some sense in following a man who could turn Mohammedan for the purpose of penetrating to Mecca, who could earn the title of "Hadji" from the most devoted of the faith, who could win upon the Pasha and earn a promotion to the rank of Bey in his service, who could find his way to

the "Niam Niams," or men with tails in Central Africa, who could court the daughters of the Moon, and do many other like interesting and wonderful things. We could fill columns with the exploits of this adventurous adventurer, but wanting the space we send the reader to the book itself, with the assurance that he will find it one the most absorbing that he ever read.

Messrs. Jas. Challen & Son will soon have ready for the holidays a beautiful volume, "Fruits and Flowers of Palestine," and a new book by W. P. Strickland, Messrs. Mason & Brothers have nearly ready Lorring's "Life of Philip Schuyler," and Abbott's "Empire of Italy."

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Bread upon the Waters.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see all your hopes are gone. Here we are worn out with age—all your children removed from us by the hand of death; and ere long we must be inmates of the poor house. Where now is all the bread you have upon the waters?"

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was indeed bent down with years, and age sat trembling upon him—Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man; and when fortune smiled upon him, he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress; but now misfortune was his. Of his four boys, not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. Various misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers towards Heaven.

"Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back, and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want, but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. O, of all the kind deeds I have done for my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, it is the memory of the good done in life, that makes my old age happy. Even now, I can hear the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see the smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," said the wife, in a low tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but alas! there is a present upon which to look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food or starve!"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg?" he replied, with a quick shudder.

"No, Susan—we are!"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor house!"

"Oh, God! I thought so," fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought, but my poor heart will not bear it!"

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repining. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then, God have mercy upon us."

"He will," murmured Jacob.

The old couple sat for a while in silence, when they were aroused from their painful thoughts by the stopping of a light cart in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the porter of the poor house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the guardians have managed to crowd you into the poor house. The cart is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him, that went like an iceberg to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back into his seat.

"Come, be in a hurry," impatiently urged the porter.

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

This question was asked by a man who entered from the carriage. He was a kind looking man, about forty-five years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new comer. "Are you from the poor house?" he inquired, turning towards the porter.

"Yes."

"Are you after these people?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return, Jacob Manfred goes to no poor house, while I live."

The porter gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him and left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams!" repeated Jacob, starting from his chair and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams, that little boy whom thirty years ago you saved from the house of correction—that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed me on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you?"

"Yes—yes, I am the man you made. You found me a round stone from the hands of poverty and a bad example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness; I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness kindled up in my bosom, has grown brighter ever since. With an affluence for life I settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements. I know that the children of your flesh are all gone. But I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and I now you shall still be my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter and happier. Come, my more than father, and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see you age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again, he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me!"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan, it is not I who must forgive. God holds us in his hands."

"Ah!" murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt Him again."

LOCATION OF THE WESTERN EXTENSION.

We learn that the Engineers on the location of the Western Extension of the North Carolina Rail Road, are now at work on Scott's Creek, 28 miles from this place and about the same distance from Nantabala in this county, where this Road and the Blue Ridge Road intersect. We are informed that no considerable barriers to the easy building of a road have yet been found. If the further location finds no greater in future, than the experimental survey experienced, this route will be most favored by the great body of our people. And hence we say to the people of South Carolina, press on with the Blue Ridge Road. Within 25 miles of Franklin and 48 of Clayton, Ga., you will meet with a Rail Road running from Mississippi to the Atlantic ocean.—*Franklin Observer*.

BOHEMIA.

A great religious movement is going on in Prague and other cities of Bohemia. It is stated that conversions to the gospel have been numerous. Roman Catholic parish priests preach the pure gospel. The Bible is extensively circulated. The people demand with earnestness the celebration of worship in the vulgar tongue. All events seem to show that Bohemia, the ancient focus of reform, where four centuries of persecution have not been sufficient to put out the light of the gospel, is about to make a new advance in Christian faith.

ANOTHER BUBBLE BURST.

Frazer River, Washoe, Pike's Peak, have all exploded, leaving only a few dis-appointed but persevering men to gather up the fragments. Late we have heard, chiefly through telegraphic reports, of another "rush" in Arizona, but once more the phantom is gone. A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Tucson, June 14th, says: "Several citizens of this place, who were induced to visit the gold placers on the Rio Membes, have returned home within a few days, fully satisfied with their short experience. The diggings would be valuable to a limited extent, but for the want of water. As it is, there is no field for enterprise, and the excitement must soon die out."

TEXAS COAL BED ON FIRE.

The *Nauvoo Express* says: "A coal bed, between Wild Cat Bluff, on the Trinity, and Mound Prairie, which has been burning slowly for a number of years, has, during the present dry season, made wonderful progress, and that ten or twenty acres have been burnt off, and the fire still progressing rapidly. Recently, on a gentleman and lady riding near it, the horses broke through the crust of earth which covers the fire near the edge, and were severely burnt before they could get out."

Ex-President Pierce has received the degree of "LL.D." from Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Washington Aug. 1st.—Gen. Cass is very ill at Detroit, Michigan. He will probably never return to Washington.

NUT PIES.

These are made by putting together grated or mashed nuts, and well-beaten eggs, and milk, spiced and seasoned to taste.

Lament o'er Mary's Grave.

BY LELA.

These willow trees, these willow trees,
Whose branches drooping low—
Within this fair enclosure be
But sentinels of woe.

In vain do blooming roses spring
In foliage rare and sweet;
And jays and birds together sing,
It is my sad retreat.

O winged angels, at the throne,
Sad pangs of grief,
Which they have carved upon thy stone
To tell them art beneath.

O winds that gently murmur round,
To me all sadness speak;
The only music in this sound
Has harmony with death.

And like the leaf that's rudely torn
And unloved far and wide,
I care not where I may be borne,
Since thou hast left my side.

In other lands I'll roam afar
O'er waters darkly blue,
But out from Heaven there'll beam a star
Which, Mary, shall be you.

And guide me on to worlds above,
Where thou dost happy stay;
O, watch me, angels, with thy love,
And help my heart to pray.

When careless feet shall wander o'er
This sacred land to me,
My own shall never, never more
But here in fancy be.

And winding paths and sunny glades
Throughout this hallowed spot—
Will never from my memory fade,
Nor ever be forgot.

And only now I leave thy side
Bereft, forsaken and forlorn,
While here shall lie my chosen bride
Till resurrection's morn.

The Water-Lilies.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

I sat in the moonlight,
How soft was its glow,
It fell o'er the pine trees
And over the snow—
As I thought of the pleasures
I knew long ago!

Of the light that reposes
And dapples and plays
Round the Vines and the roses
Of happier days.

For the heart is a pilgrim
In desolate ways,
Back, back to the past
Had my worn spirit gone,
Again did I look
In the brightness of morn.

Again heard the robins
Sing loud on each thorn,
And the white water-lilies
Once more vernal fair
On the blue, lonely waters
I saw them smile there.

CONESTA:
A TALE OF FOREST DAYS.

BY "ASHLEY."

CHAPTER I.

The declining rays of the October sun were slanting through a Carolina forest in the hill country, and the gorgeous foliage glowed in the warm flush of light that streamed through the unclouded calm above, and fell softly and richly upon the almost as complete calm below; for the faint breath of the zephyr but now and then touched the heavy drapery of the trees, murmuring low among their summits, and then dying away towards the sunset. Few leaves had fallen, and the forest stood forth like the hosts of an oriental conqueror decked from the variegated booms of a world. All was calm and still, the holy and indescribable calm of the Indian Summer Sun.

Even the two doves that sat upon a small pine were motionless as though a part of the tree itself, and, as if all wanderings over, they waited in peace the sweet hour of rest.

Suddenly, and then the other, stood up, and with outstretched neck, glancing head and keen soft eye peered through the vistas beyond, a few moments; and then with quick dart and whistling wing both disappeared through the thick wood.

The sound of their flight had scarcely died away, when the form of an Indian appeared, moving rapidly through the openings of the trees, and commenced the ascent of a slight knoll covered over with dog-wood growth, through the foliage of which the unperceived sunlight streamed upon him as he advanced, clothing his vestments with their haloes.—He was, apparently, an elderly man, but years had borne lightly with him; tall, sinewy, and clean-limbed, his shoulders sloped away from a neck like a roe-buck's. His physiognomy bore the characteristics of his race, in the high cheek-bones and keen, peculiar eye, but the nose was curved like a hawk's beak, and went up into a grand forehead, back from which streamed the grey and plumed scalplock, which, and the deep wrinkles of the face, were the only prominent marks of age he bore, as with long, elastic step he strode through the forest. He was a chieftain; so the rich embroidery of the moccasins and the buckskin hunting shirt and the silver plate covered with curious hieroglyphics suspended on the breast by a string of colored wampum, bespoke him.

He carried a heavy bow and quiver, with knife and bright tomahawk in the ornamented belt around his waist. But the bow was unstrung, and the eye of the chief bent steadily downwards as he walked along.

He had reached the summit of the knoll, and as the light of the setting sun streamed full in his face, he paused, and letting the end of his bow drop, sustained his arm upon it, and ere he descended by the little path, that skirting

a deep gully, wound and was lost between two hills beyond, the son of the woods gazed a moment on the glorious scene.

At this instant, from a thick undergrowth skirting the next knoll, about a hundred yards off, came a spurt of smoke; the ringing crack of a rifle was heard, and with a desperate bound the Indian fell forward on his face, writhed partly over, and with a shudder dropped back again and expired.

No farther indications of an enemy were seen. The autumn stillness reigned as unbroken around, and the violet colored light poured down upon the trappings of the dead warrior, tinting them with a hue as gorgeous as before. More than a quarter of an hour passed thus, when the underbrush growing between the roots of two trees close to which the body laid, was slightly parted, only to a near observer showing partially the stern features, and dark gleaming eye of another Indian instantly regarding the fallen body.

After a long survey, the bushes closed again and emerging from the brush on the side opposite the dead, the dark form dropped noiselessly down and glided from bush to bush, until at last it disappeared in the gully below.

Following the windings of the place, the second corner under cover of the bottom growth emerged beyond the two hills already mentioned, and proceeding cautiously around their base, turned to the left and entered the thick wood again, through which he kept his course until, close to the knoll from which came the deadly shot, he paused and scanned the ground. No sign of life or motion came. And again the Indian gliding forward like a snake entered the very bushes that had concealed the assassin, and foot by foot carefully examined the ground. In a few moments a short exclamation betokened his success; the hair was found and the trail struck, and upon it now the keen powers of the Indian were bent, as with supple limb and body close to the ground, yet with no sense averted from surrounding objects, he addressed himself to its pursuit. Through wood and bush and tangled vine he passed, pausing not nor failing, until the side of a hill was reached which sloped directly down into a swamp, whose gloomy recesses might have held an army unseen. Down through the stunted pine growth the savage kept his way, until on the soft black marge the foot prints became plainly visible even to an unpracticed eye. Here he ceased and turning back on his course rapidly retraced his steps to the scene of the murder.

The body was still where it had fallen, but the limbs were growing rigid with the death cold, and the savage kneeling, reverently lifted it, and turning the face over, brushed the soil from it and the garments, closed the eyes and then sitting beside the corpse as the shades of twilight fell fast around, he gazed solemnly and silently upon the rigid features. At length he broke forth in a loud chant.

Thine eye was as the eagle's when he hungereth,
And thine arm like the lightning of the summer;
To the foe by the streams of the earth,
As the torrent sweeps in the spring time,
So swept thy footsteps on his trail.

He fears thee in the night of the battle,
And the flame of his camp fire grew dim;
And the hearts of his warriors were faint,
And their feet died away on the war-path.

Not where thine arm both smote them;
Not where the war-hoop was loudest;
And when the proud plumes were falling,
Where the shock of the combat was fiercest,
Nor did thy soul wax stronger
When the fires of the stake were kindled,
And the death-song slow their rhythm,
Not to thee by the Manitou was given,
To die thus, O Senaka, O my father.

By the lone graves of thy people,
Far from the war-paths of thy glory;
And by the sad feet of thy remnant,
Thou seest the hunting ground of the happy,
And thou ponderest for their shades;
When th' avenger's blow hath fallen,
And the tribe hath mourned for thee;
For the fire in thy lodge is quenched,
And its air grows damp and chill,
And thy people's hearts are stricken,
Mourning thee Senaka, O, my father.

So sang the Trail Wolf, the son of Senaka, whose mysterious death had now imposed upon him the duties of Chief of his tribe, and the task of avenger of his father's death, the preliminaries of which, as we have seen, he had already begun, and which it behooved him to carry out with the success due to the momentous occasion, and to the fame already earned and maintained in the career which had procured for him the title he bore.

Lifting the stiffened body to his shoulder, he took the path along which the old chief was advancing to the camp when the fatal bullet stopped his progress forever, and pressing forward, was soon lost to view behind the hills.

CHAPTER II.

In the colonial days of the Carolinas, though the friendly blockhouse or fort was the cautious appendage to every settlement, and the refuge of the inhabitants in time of danger from the incursions of the warlike tribes who roamed the wide forests and plains, and who had at the time of our narrative, begun to feel the power and superiority of the white man. Yet in many cases the enterprise and "expansiveness" of the settlers had scorned the pent-up limits of the safe boundary and had thrust some to a distance where in case of an attack his own walls, his own vigilance, and his own arm and weapon could of necessity be the only immediate refuge for each one. How far so, the history of many a raid, with the smouldering ruin, the ghastly corpse, and the Saxon scalp lock at the girdle of the savage, can tell.

Some of the tribes, however, kept good faith, and having bartered their land, withdrew from its limits and left the purchasers in undisturbed possession, betaking themselves to the vast

hunting grounds, lying nearer to the setting sun.

Such in the main, were the Tuscaroras, one of the noblest tribes ever within the limits of the territory. And relying upon their fidelity which had been sufficiently proved for the venture, the family of John Iredehl had for some time been settled in a lonely but beautiful and promising portion of the territory.—Their solitary place had blossomed like a rose, and with the characteristic energy of the Scotch Irish, their home of the wilderness had been made to possess all the attractive features possible to the time and place. Rude, yet strong and substantial, their dwelling was graced by neatness and order in its primitive interior, and outwardly by the trailing vine, the flowering shrub, and the well arranged garden plot, which told that some one beside him accustomed to the axe and plough had labored in the scene.

And it was a fair hand that did it. An educated woman, Kate Iredehl had brought to her father's new home something beside the attractive beauty of her person, in the accomplishments of mind and culture of taste, which always invest the humblest home with that quiet superiority which is unattainable by the profusion of the vulgar rich, or the display of the ambitious snob. Better days had closed upon the family fortunes, but the plain yet neat garb of the settler's daughter fell as gracefully around the beautiful form, and the simple head dress sheltered tresses as soft and dark, eyes as mild and bright, and a complexion as rich as in the days beyond the sea. Nor even were there wanting music and books in these wild, still to afford the means of cultivation and amusement not neglected by either parents or child, while the wood and the valley afforded the latter the inexhaustible supplies for the pursuit of botanical studies, which from being merely liked before, had now in this mine of nature, even amid the engrossing duties of her new station, become the absorbing occupation of her leisure hours.

During one of her excursions, having rambled some distance from home, she had reached the side of a small valley or meadow whose enticing expanse viewed from the margin where she stood, induced her to descend the gently sloping ground and enter its limits. From its green sward and tufted clumps sprang the beautiful wild flowers she loved so well, while along the base of the opposite high ground ran a small clear stream over a bed of mingled sand and rock, now and then broken in its course by some boulder, around which it quickened and bubbled as though chiding the rough impediment, then flowing placidly on as before.

She had strolled along its bank, culling and arranging the flowers, when a small cluster of trees interrupted her course. She turned and passed around them, when, on the other side, she suddenly perceived the forms of three Indian warriors on the bank of the stream; two were seated, while the third stood over them apparently addressing his companions. He was of noble presence, and his mien as he stood that of a lord of the soil. Erect, stately, and of more than common height, his deep chest and finely moulded limbs bespoke a more than common strength and activity. His features were fine, but the expression gave almost to sadness, and there was a peculiar depth of gaze in the stern large eye, that told of intensity of purpose and power of will. His moccasins and leggings of deep brown tanned and hunting shirt of the same hue, ornamented only by a narrow fringe of scarlet, and a small wolf's head of the same color worked on the breast, and three black feathers clustered in the inevitable scalplock, composed the dress of this young chief, for such he was.

Kate was not a heroine in the ordinary sense of the word, and the suddenness of the interview, and the three warlike figures and swarthy faces turned fixtly upon her, was too much; for the tribe, upon whose former lands her father's settlement was, had withdrawn long before the Iredehls had occupied their present home, and Kate, secluded as she was hitherto, had seen none of them, and but little of any others, though the news of depredations on distant settlements had occasionally reached her ears.

Stopping short now, her heart leaped to her throat, she turned pallid with fear, and almost sank to the ground; nor was her terror lessened when the Indian advanced towards her. But there was a grace and a respectful dignity of mien in the savage, which, terrified as she was, reassured her, as drawing near, he spoke in imperfect English.

"Conesta is sorry that the pale faced maiden looks afraid. If there be an enemy following her steps, he shall not harm her."

The gentle tones of his voice, and his earnest yet respectful manner, restored her confidence and strength, and she answered, though somewhat confusedly.

"No, I was but gathering flowers and knew not that any one was near; my home is not very far off, but I believe I have come farther than I intended."

"Then let the maiden pass on and fear not," said he, "and if there be danger in her path, Conesta will turn it away."

So saying the Indian drew back as Kate now entirely reassured, acknowledged his chivalric and thoughtful courtesy, and turned to retrace her steps. At the curve of her path near the trees, she saw him moving slowly back to rejoin his comrades, and then lost sight of the group altogether.

Hastening homewards, as we may suppose she at once did, she related the circumstance to her mother, and also to her father shortly after his arrival at the house.

"It is but a band of the Tuscaroras on their yearly visit to the burial ground of their kindred," said he, "there is nothing to fear; Forrester passed by their camp this morning in the grove by the Warm Spring. He says they were courteous and friendly in their demeanor. This, you recollect, is their fast of the dead. But do you know whom I have seen this morning?"

"Who?" inquired the females; Mrs. Iredehl gravely and placidly; Catharine, with a half conscious look and a drooping of the eye, which betokened anything but an unpleasant expectancy.

"Walter Kemp," replied he. Both changed countenance; Mrs. Iredehl to an expression of vigorous displeasure and surprise, and Kate to one of aversion mingled with fear.

"Dear father, what should bring him here? where did you see him?" inquired she.

"I met him," said Mr. Iredehl, "on the path between the wood and the river; he spoke to me half stiffly, half familiarly; I was surprised at seeing him, but, as you may be sure, neither inquired his business in these parts, nor offered him my hospitality."

"Of course, but father, try and avoid him if you can, I think he is a dangerous and wicked man," anxiously replied Kate.

"I shall not seek him indeed, Kate, but to refrain from going where the work of my hands is needed, or to try and shulk from him for fear that some unpleasant things of the past might be renewed, argues a course of action, which it does not become me to pursue. Meanwhile be at ease concerning myself, but as for you, be careful and do not lose sight of the house until I permit it." So ended the conversation.

CHAPTER III.

The family of the Iredehls, of good extraction and that stern stock which, holding their religious freedom of thought as superior to material advantages, had come from Britain and begun to plant their homes along the shores of America from Pennsylvania to Georgia, were in truth as much induced by failing fortunes as conscientious views to seek the haven of the New World, not the less to be esteemed indeed for these mingled motives, for if we mistake not, it was the failing fortune alone which gave to Carolina one of her brightest gems, we mean Flora McDonald.

During the sojourn of their party at their port of arrival, a stay rendered necessary by delays and difficulties of title to the lands they had purchased, and also by preparations for their journey, Walter Kemp had seen Kate and loved her. He was one of the collateral scions of a good race, of whom many were tempted to the shores of the New World by necessity or adventure.

Of engaging exterior and easy polish, when he chose to assume it, no one could conduct himself with more attractive mien when in the face of a society. Of fierce passions and principles which, though sometimes influenced by the power of better emotions, were yet as a mighty and turbid river, cleared here and there for a space by the force of purer tributary streams, but soon again overpowering their waters in the dark rush of its gloomy tide, no one in reality might be better fitted for danger to public or private weal.

Unaccustomed to restraint or hindrance, it did not take him long to make the acquaintance of Kate, nor to press forward in a suit at first favorably inclined to by her, but afterwards intuitively thwarted by her glimpses of his real character, and also by a growing preference for the attentions of another, who, to a natural admiration of her beauty, added a quick perception of her qualities, and with many forwardness had made known his dawning love.

Richard Blake had been lately appointed to the post of land surveyor in the territory, and with her father's family was present at the duties of his office, in the prosecution of which he was absent far away at the period of the commencement of our tale.

It was with no cool blood that Kemp had watched his progress in Kate's esteem; to a man of his nature, the success of a rival was a personal insult and wrong, and in proportion as his hopes waned, his passion for their object increased, and bitterness and wrath roused themselves in his heart towards Blake.

With a quick perception of character and things, Mr. Iredehl had seen the course of matters, and to do him justice, fully appreciated Kate's choice when Blake asked his consent to their union, which was fixed to take place when the affairs of both families should be in good progress.

Unacquainted with this, Kemp had one day urged his suit with vehemence, and, as a last resort, the stated affairs had been made known to him. He had lost control of himself at the news, and with rage and foiled passion in his countenance, had broken forth into expressions of violence, and met Mr. Iredehl, who had rebuked him with sternness and dignity, with words of fierce and haughty threatening, by no means lessened in their potency by the calm and fearless rejoinder of the latter. He had never been seen since by them, and the migration to the interior shortly afterwards commenced, which scattered a large part of the sojourners in the directions of their new homes. The families of Iredehl and Blake were settled about 15 miles from each other, near the scene of our tale. The attachment of the lovers, founded on mutual esteem, had grown strong with the lapse of time, and the period was now drawing near when, with the consent of the prudent

parents, the union of hearts was also to become the union of lives.

Two or three days had passed since the interview with the Indians in the meadow, and Kate's subsequent conversation with her father, Mr. Iredehl and two of his employees had departed early in the morning to cut timber at some distance from the farm house, and Mrs. Iredehl, being unwell, had laid down for repose, leaving the household duties in Kate's charge. In their course it became necessary for her to visit the dairy, a small log house placed over a spring, in the rear of and somewhat distant from the dwelling. Throwing on her sun bonnet she ran up the path, descended to the place, and entering, busied herself about its contents. Her arrangements completed, she stepped forth to return, when alongside the tree at the end of the little platform across the spring, stood the figure of a man.

It was Walter Kemp. Kate started back.

"Fair Kate, I have come a long distance to see you once more," said he, advancing towards her.

"To what end, Mr. Kemp?" replied she, as calmly as she was able.

"To what end? Kate, I love you—do you not know it?" said he.

"I thought, Mr. Kemp, that this had been settled long ago. If you have not so understood it, or have mistaken my real views and feelings upon the subject, you certainly can do so no longer. It is not in my power to hear more concerning it." So saying she turned to depart, but placing himself before her, he arrested her progress.

"Kate, dear Kate, listen to me but this only time. When I first saw and loved you, for you were loved as soon as seen, you did not as now turn coldly away from my presence. I had hoped that in your love I would find that haven of rest which, God knows, in spite of a wild and erring life, I have longed for. I felt that for you I could sacrifice all, yes, either of good or evil, and with you rested the judgment which of the two it should be; but the breath of rumor which will not rest upon the purest without a taint, tinged my name with shades, none of the lightest, and then your quick coolness—and your father's words—and this Blake. Kate, I have been an erring man, a man of many faults, of unguided youth, betrayed by some, persecuted by others, driven by want of sympathy to recklessness, and by want of aim and confidence in my kind, to wiliness and instability; but I feel that a turning point in my career has come; that with your love I could bear and do well, and that hope, trust, and days of steady endeavor would be mine with you. I left you, as I thought, forever, but your image has haunted me night and day, and I could find no rest. I have come far to find you, sought this interview painfully. O Kate, Kate, can you not trust me and think kindly on me now?"

She had listened with mingled emotions: fear of the man, anger at her detention, pity, as he spoke of himself, and anxiety as to her proper mode of procedure; but, trained to the single and truthful speech, her resolution at last struggled clear of all embarrassment, as concluding his impassioned words, he drew near and attempted to take her hand.

Drawing back from him, she said simply and clearly,

"This must be no longer, Mr. Kemp. I do not deceive you when I say that I feel truly sorry for you; but more I cannot, duty and feeling alike forbid it. You have all I can give, good wishes for your prosperity. Forget me, or find some one more worthy. I must now go."

"Duty and feeling," muttered Kemp to himself. "One moment yet," detaining her movement. "I know you are not married yet," gazing steadily on her face and pausing—"but you soon will be—to Richard Blake."

The color rushed quickly to Kate's brow, as she calmly answered,

"By what right of law or nature do you claim the privilege of search into my actions or intentions?"

"No right at all, Kate," mildly replied Kemp. "I only ask this knowledge as a boon from you, the last one I shall ever crave. Is it so?"

"It is," answered she.

"Then by all that is evil, in this world or the next, it shall not be so," cried Kemp, overcome by a tempest of passion. "I will not ask another boon, but in spite of Blake, father, or father, you shall be mine," and seizing her in his arms, he rapidly bore her, shrieking and struggling along the path that led from the spring through the woods.

At a turn, and considerably beyond them, a group of horses and two men appeared, and towards them Kemp was hurrying the almost exhausted maiden, when suddenly the bushes parted just ahead of them, and the form of an Indian chief in full dress stood confronting them. He was a striking likeness of Conesta, but larger framed, more richly accoutred, and more elderly in appearance. Kate, terrified into any hope of rescue, immediately cried to him for help, and held her hands imploringly towards him.

With a quick step he was close on them.

"Will the white maiden be free?" said he.

"Yes, O yes," cried Kate.

Seizing Kemp's right arm with his own, and with a single effort of surprising strength, bringing him round backwards as on a pivot, at the same time, placing his own left arm around Kate, he tore her from his grasp and stepped back. It was quick as light, and she was free.

But Kemp was not to be foiled thus. In a moment a broad bladed dirk glittered in the air, and in another with a bound like a tiger, it was descending into the Indian's breast.

"PLEASE EXCHANGE."

Wytheville, Va., contains, by the census
1,502 inhabitants.

THE PRICE OF POPULATION.

We have been taken down. The Elbow which we had raised has been very material lowered. Our comb has been cut, cruelly and remorselessly, by the sharp knife of the census. While we were celebrating ourselves the fact that we were a mighty multitude, suddenly it turns out that we are not so very much of a crowd after all. When the immense numbers we had been counting upon, as citizens of our thriving metropolis, dabbled, under the pressure of the census, from 250,000 or upwards to about 170,000, our pride suffers a shock. Look at some of the figures of the execrable census in some of our Western cities. But few have as yet reached us, in reports of the press, the work not being completed in any. Chicago, which was said to have from 130,000 to 150,000, is likely, judging from the returns so far in, to show a population of less than 100,000. Milwaukee, instead of 75,000, as claimed, will have less than 50,000. St. Louis has about 120,000, though St. Louis has been rated as high as 180,000. Indiana's boasting of a population of about 75,000 has been raised to a good deal under 50,000. Cleveland, Columbus and Dayton have been shaved down from 20 to 30 per cent, on the calculations, respectively. A similar reduction, descending has prevailed throughout the smaller cities and large towns. In a few days we shall have some reliable figures to give by way of comparison.—*Cincinnati Commercial*

Paul Morphy is among the visitors at Newport.

apr21-11 J. F. JOLLE

\$100 PER MONTH!—Any you man can make One Hundred Dollar one month, with Tools for cutting Stencil Plates for making clothes, books, &c.; which tools I will furnish for Try it. All money at my risk, if registered. Address, J. F. JOLLE, 100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

HENRICO PILE LOTION—The only known sure remedy for the piles. For sale by the *LOWE, NICHOLS & CO., PORTER & GORRILL*

Children's Department.



EDITED BY WILLIAM E. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

A FAIRY AT HOME.

"What is this Lily thinking of so intently?" asked Mr. F., as he entered the sitting-room, where the little girl was leaning her forehead against the window-pane, and gazing out into the evening sky.

"You will think me very foolish, Papa. I was just imagining how I should like to be a fairy."

"What is a fairy?" inquired the father, innocently.

"Why, you know, Papa, just as well as I do. Little mites of people, that wear dresses made of tulip leaves, and that ride in small shell coaches drawn by dragon-flies."

"Tell me, what would you do if you were a fairy?"

"O! a thousand things, Papa. In the first place, you need not go down any more to that dingy old office, for whenever you wanted money, I could tap with my wand, and up would come heaps of gold and silver. Then you know, I would make Mamma well, and keep her so. O, there's no end to the good things I would do!"

"Would it not be better, my dear little girl, to make the most use of all the power you have, instead of spending these long hours of musing in wishing for more?"

"All the power I have is precious little you know, Papa."

"Very precious, certainly, but not so little as you may suppose. Depend upon it, my dear child, God has given you a power which, well accompanied, will be more beautiful in its results than any remembrance of fairy-land."

Lilian sat for a few moments musing in the deepening twilight, and the summons to tea prevented any further conversation. The first thought that entered her little head the next morning was, "I'll be a fairy to-day."

"At this moment Willie has burst into the room. 'I wish mother wasn't sick,' he exclaimed. 'There's no one to tie my neck cloth, or put up my dinner for school, or find my books, or help me with my lesson.'"

"Perhaps I can fix your neck tie. Come here," said Lilian, "and let me try."

"O! you don't know how. You never did it in your life."

"I can learn, though. You shall see," said the little girl, and she secretly resolved that she would practice tying a ribbon around a block for one hour every day, until she was perfect in the art. The neck-tie was arranged even to Willie's satisfaction, and the stray books were found and put in the satchel. The father then appeared. An unusual expression of contentment was upon his countenance as he sat down to a comfortable breakfast, but whether he attributed any thing to fairy influence, Lilian never knew. She rather hoped not. It was so pleasant, she thought, to work unobserved!

After her father had gone, Lilian put up the luncheon in Willie's dinner-basket with her own little fairy fingers, and saw her brother start for school; then crept softly to her mother's room to see what she could do for the comfort of the invalid. She dusted and arranged the room in the order that best suited her mother's taste, moving all the time with such a gentle, fairy-like tread, that the lightest slumber need not have been disturbed. She brought water to bathe the aching head, then closed the curtains to just the right degree of shade and left her mother to her morning nap. By this time, Ally had become wearied of his efforts at self-amusement, and must have some assistance. Lilian built houses, bridges, and towers, not on the most wonderful models of architecture, but perfectly satisfactory to the small employer, who valued the most elaborate structure only for the noise it made in tumbling down.

All day long his little attendant was fully occupied in amusing him, and she had time only to put the sitting-room again in order, and bring her father's study gown and slippers when his night-key was heard at the door. Lilian placed herself demurely in her old seat by the window, and with a less abstracted expression than on the previous night.

"Some good fairy has been at work, I guess," said Mr. F., as he took the comfortable easy-chair, and glanced at the usually noisy little Ally, who was now deeply absorbed in Lily's favorite portfolio of engravings.

"O, no, Papa," replied Lilian, as she threw herself over the side of the chair into his arms; "no one in the world but your little fairy at home!"

Now, children, take example by Lilian, and set about making yourselves and others happy by performing all the good you can, and becoming, like her "little fairies at home."

Everybody should have his head, his heart and hand educated. Let this truth never be forgotten.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, as evidenced in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, called and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information (valuable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer).

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let snailers sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep,
The Independent Farmer.
When first the rose, in robe of green,
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And 'round his cottage porch is seen
The honey suckle, twining,
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield,
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field
Where skies are soft and balmy.

The black bird clucks behind his plow,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
You orchard hides behind its bough
The home he loves so dearly;
The gray old barn, whose doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than hoards of hoarded gold.
A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all the lands—
The Independent Farmer.

To him the spring comes dancing,
To him the summer blushes,
The autumn smiles, with mellow ray,
He sleeps, old winter hushes;
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts nor fears confound him;
His little flock is linked in love,
And household angels round him;
He trusts in God, and loves his wife,
Nor grieve nor ill may harm her,
He's nature's nobleman in life—
The Independent Farmer.

A mechanic in Lexington, England, has recently made a burning glass, three feet in diameter, by which steel, flint, and even platinum, it is said, have been melted by concentrating the rays of the sun upon them. Owing to its great size, it has attracted the notice of several societies devoted to science and art.

USE OF THE BAROMETER ON A FARM.

John Underwood, of Anneton, N. J., secured his entire crop of hay this summer by consulting the barometer. The morning he commenced cutting his hay looked cloudy and felt like rain, still the barometer pointed unerringly to dry weather, and on the strength of that the hay was cut, and a secured before any rain made its appearance. But for the barometer the hay would have been standing at this time. Who doubts that the instrument paid for itself by that one item of information? The time is coming when the farmer will as soon think of returning to the seythe as to be without the infallible weather prophet, the barometer.

SALT FOR STOCK.

Experience proves that when horses or cattle are fed on dry corn, and hay, they will consume from two to three ounces of salt per day, if permitted free access to it; and if fed on new hay or grass, the desire for salt is much increased, and the consumption amounts to from six to seven ounces a day. Little things are what keep the ball rolling. Give the cattle salt.

PUMPKIN PIES.

These are made by making well-stewed and sifted pumpkin into a thin batter with sweet milk, seasoned to taste, and baked with one crust, the pumpkin being about half an inch thick. Sugar, salt, and cinnamon, or other spices to taste. One egg to a quart of the batter is an improvement. Some put four well-beaten eggs to a quart, but this makes them more of custard than pumpkin pies.

CUSTARD PIES.

Four eggs well beaten, and gradually stirred into a quart of boiled milk, sweetened to taste, with a little nutmeg grated over the top of each before baking, is the best mixture for custard pies.

RICE PIES.

A wineglassful of rice boiled in a quart of milk until soft, and take from the fire; beat three eggs light, and stir them gradually into it; add a small teaspoonful of sugar, half a nutmeg, grated, half a teaspoonful of salt; bake half an hour in flat pie-dishes, lined with fine paste, and nearly filled with the mixture, but not covered.

LEMON PIES.

Boil six lemons in water until a straw will easily penetrate the skin; chop fine and take out the seeds. Put a teaspoonful of water in one pound of brown sugar, let it boil to a nice sirup, skimming off anything that may rise; put in the lemon and let it cool; bake in shallow pie plates, covered with fine paste with a slit in the centre.

FAMILY PIE-CRUST.

One pound of flour, desert-spruced of salt, and half a pound of good lard or beef drippings; mix thoroughly with water enough to bind together. Roll out to less than a quarter of an inch in thickness, and it makes an excellent lower crust for a pie. For an upper crust, roll the same paste out thin, and spread over a piece large enough for a cover to one pie, a piece of butter half as large as an egg, fold it up, roll it out again and cover the pie.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber; the one gives the greater aim, the other yields the durable Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire.

LOVE AND "NIGGERS."

Why still, sweet Margaret, thus severe;
Abate at length those cruel rigors,
Thou knowest how I love thee, dear,
Thou knowest how I love—thy niggers.

'Tis vain to talk of love of role,
The heart is no such docile scholar;
I love thee Margaret, like a fool,
For thou has the "almighty dollar."
Have thy pouting cherry lips,
Dearest than ever bee-loved honey;
I love thy tiny finger tips,
Thy laughing eyes, thy—ready money.

I love thy little fairy feet,
So small the merest child could span them,
Thy cheeks like peaches fit to eat—
Thy hundred cotton bales per annum.

I love thy glorious golden curls
That grace thy cheek of alabaster—
Thy little "nigger" boys and girls;
I long to hear them call me "master."

Al! yes, to sum my love for thee
Would baffle all the power of figures;
My heart were dimpled to the sea,
I moved—thy splendid lot of niggers.

I love the air that plays around
Thy brow, thy form, thy habitation;
I worship 'em the very ground
Thy footstep press—'tis thy plantation.

A drunken man lately tried to get a police man to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was that an ill looking scoundrel kept following him.

"What possessed you to marry that dowdy?" said a mother to a son. "Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

"Do you think, hale in America?" asked a countryman.

"Hail, no—we think thunder and lightning," said the Yankee.

I am afraid, dear wife, that, while I am gone, absence will conquer love. Oh, never fear, dear husband, the longer you stay away, the better I shall like you.

"If one squash plant will bear a dozen squashes, how many pumpkins will it take to keep the inhabitants of Vermont in pies for a year?" is the "sum" that a young arithmetician recently propounded to a student. "The answer to the pumpkin sum," promptly replied the student, "is—some pumpkins."

Bill Swilling was sent to jail for habitual drunkenness. One of his old cronies was asked, "Why don't you bail him out?" "Bail him out," he replied, "why, man, you couldn't pump him out!"

Sorrow comes soon enough without depending; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.

An ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity," is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.

RULES FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Always sit next to the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all rich, unless aunts.

Never give a policeman.

Take no notes or gold with you to a fancy bazaar—nothing but silver.

Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party.

Don't play at chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Pull down the blind before you put on your wig.

Make friends with a steward on a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

In every strange house it is well to enquire where the brandy is kept—only think if you were to be taken ill in the night.

Never answer a crossing sweeper. Pay him or else pass quickly and silently along. One word and you are lost.

WHAT MAKES OLD MEN SHAKE THEIR HEADS.

Why to see the b'hoys on a swell.

To see a young buck intrude his wisdom on the experience of age, with a peculiar air of self-importance.

To see a young buck from the country who goes to the village and puffs a Havana, without knowing which end to light, or how to hold it in his mouth.

To see young aspirants become exceedingly familiar and despot before election time shaking hands with everybody, and going to church everywhere.

To see swells, who pretend to be men of business, lounging about corners and loitering along the streets any and every hour in the day.

To see Misses promenading the streets or up the aisle of a country church, rustling in silks and laces, while cotton is only six cents.

To see a swell hanging round our Sal with lots of fine clothes, and a peculiar red nose.

To see our Sal and ma in a close confab about the latest fashions, and that love of a bonnet.

A gentleman who spoke of having been struck by a lady's beauty was advised to kiss the rod.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S., J. P. HOWLETT, J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-ly

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford and Davidson, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. 6-ly

GEORGE W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. 10-ly

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N. C., will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 11-ly

SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Greensboro, N. C., will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Forsyth, Orange and Rockingham. All claims entrusted to them for collection, will receive prompt attention. Office North Elm street, fourth door from Lindsay's corner. Jan 21-ly

Periodicals.

THE PAPER FOR YOUR FAMILY: A NORTH CAROLINA PAPER: 11-ly

ALICE FIELDING, Proprietress, published in Greensboro, N. C. \$2.00 a year, \$1.00 for six months. THE TIMES contains weekly forty volumes of choice matter, especially adapted to the family circle. It is neither sectarian nor political. But by being courteous to all sects and parties, it is the constant aim of the publishers to present in its columns whatever may elevate the people and enrich the State. The publishers would especially appeal to the families of North Carolina to give THE TIMES a trial; try it for six months, to see if it be as well to patronize home papers, as those from abroad; to build up home industry, and to give our own industry and our energies among strangers. Give THE TIMES a trial and then let it stand upon its merits. What is then the price of THE TIMES?

"The Times," I regard as the very first of our Southern literary weeklies. Rev. Charles F. Peck, "I know of no weekly published anywhere, that is as deserving of Southern patronage as 'The Times'—Rev. J. E. Edwards.

"I have been pondering for a while a taste—every article is a model of tenderness, and calculated both to amuse and instruct."—Wilmington Herald.

"One of the handsomest weekly papers published in the South."—Spirit of the Age.

"Let the people of North Carolina encourage their own newspapers."—Raleigh Standard.

Address: COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

Specimen numbers sent free on application.

PROSPECTUS OF THE Twelfth Volume OF THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE. A Family Newspaper, printed at Raleigh, N. C., at \$1 a year. About the 1st of September, 1890, the Twelfth Volume of the Spirit of the Age will commence. We are anxious to inaugurate it with a large increase of subscribers, and its new prospects with a hope to effect it.

The Spirit of the Age is a Family Paper, devoted to Temperance, Literature, the Family Circle, and the News of the day. It is entirely neutral in Politics and Religion—so that men of all parties and religions may subscribe for it. In the full confidence they will find nothing in its columns that will conflict with their political or religious principles, but they will find many new and interesting articles, and a large and decided rate of Temperance, and for the eleven years of its existence has received the hearty support and commendation of Temperance men throughout the country.

It is designed as a literary companion and family visitor—adapted to parents and children, to the dissemination of a pure literature, and sound, wholesome morals. The current news of the day is furnished, so that its readers may be kept posted upon what is going on in the world. It gives the proceedings of the Legislature, and the important general assembly of Congress, when in session.

Full and reliable Market Reports are given in all the Southern and Northern ports of this State, Virginia and the Union generally.

TERMS: For single copies, \$1.50; for a club of five or more \$1 each. It carries the postage and support of all friendly to cheap and wholesome Southern literature. It is a large paper, printed at the South, and as cheap as Northern ones. Surely Southern men will sustain such a paper. Address: A. M. GORMAN, Editor, Raleigh, N. C.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The third volume of this journal commenced with the year 1890. It will be published monthly, at ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR; and each number will contain thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal is a monthly paper, published by the State Educational Association, and is under its control; and it is the aim and wish of the committee to whom the management of it is entrusted, to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

The Journal is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And since the country schools of experience are beginning to act under the law allowing them to send a representative to the State Educational Association, the Journal will be a valuable medium for the exchange of views and information between the two bodies.

TERMS: One dollar per annum, invariably in advance, and no subscription will be entered into without a year's advance. All subscriptions to begin with the January No., so long as the back numbers can be supplied.

THE JOURNAL AND THE TIMES, one year, for \$2.50.

The First Volume of THE JOURNAL will be sent, free of postage, for \$2.50, to all who will send a copy of THE TIMES to the Editor of THE JOURNAL.

The Second Volume will be furnished, nearly bound, when orders indicate a sufficient demand to justify it, at \$1.50; and when ordered by the Board, for all the schools of a county, at \$1.00. Address: J. D. CAMPBELL, Greensboro, N. C.

Advertisements inserted at the same rates as elsewhere.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, is one of the cheapest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published, each volume containing at least 100 pages, in most styles, with cover and advertisement sheet. The volumes will be furnished for only \$1 for the year 1890, (plus postage at \$1.50 in one letter, will be entitled to five copies.

The Messenger will, as heretofore, present its readers with reviews, biographical sketches, novels, travel, essays, poems, criticisms, and papers on the army, navy, and other national subjects. The editorial and critical department will continue under the charge of J. B. Thompson, Esq. The business department is conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications of a business nature must be addressed.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & CO., Jan 1-ly

NEW CASH STORE.—The old and well-known establishment of DRUCKER & HEILBRUN in Charlotte, have opened a branch of their establishment in Greensboro, under the name and style of HEILBRUN, DRUCKER & CO., and have opened an entirely new stock of goods, consisting of—

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, BOOTS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold at greatly less prices than they have been sold for heretofore, and we therefore invite the attention of all those wishing to purchase to our stock of goods. We have taken a part of the house occupied by the new Adams, between MacAdams' corner and Caldwell's corner, to whom all orders to give us a call, may be sent. DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO., Jan 19-3m

BOOT AND SHOE STORE!—Having purchased of J. B. F. BOONE his entire stock of Boots and Shoes, the undersigned will respectfully announce to the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that they intend keeping a

GOOD ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES, and other articles connected with that line of business, on hand, and when they are determined to sell very low, and for CASH ONLY.

Opposite Brittain's Hotel. July 21-ly

D. G. GRAHAM & CO.

WEST GREEN NURSERIES AND GARDENS, near Greensboro.—Gentlemen and Ladies wishing to visit the above establishment, will find hicks, carriages, &c., at Greensboro on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and other days if necessary. For tickets apply to PORTER & GORRELL at the Drug Store, May 20-6m WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL

Business Cards.

W. GRAYDON, J. GRAYDON, C. H. SEELY, W. A. SCOTT, PERRY SPERRY, of North Carolina, with WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Agents of Dry Goods, 40 Park Place, and 41 Broadway, New York. 2-ly

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—M. KELLOGG, of Milton, and W. M. YOUNG of Guilford have formed a co-partnership for manufacturing machinery and tools, of every description, which will be delivered at all places in North Carolina and Virginia, at the lowest prices. All orders sent to Milton or Greensboro will be promptly attended to, may 12-3m KELLOGG & YOUNG

POLVOGT, Upholster and Paper Hanger, Corner First and Tryon Streets, WILMINGTON, N. C. Keeps constantly on hand: MATRESSES, LOUNGES, CUSHIONS, BEDDING, CURTAINS, &c., &c. ALL UPHOLSTERY MATERIALS, Also, Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Fire Screens and Decorations, of every description.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO FITTING UP REST ROOMS, Steamboats and Private Drawings. July 21-3m

JOHN LICKENS, of Petersburg, is now in charge of the following: DICKENSON & COLE, RICHMOND, Va. Dealers in and Forwarding Merchandise, Ship, and down from Cary Street, select and elegant goods, of all kinds, and in fact, to all orders, Special attention given to forwarding manufactured tobacco and goods.

WINLEY JOHNSON, of Baltimore, Md., is now in charge of the following: DICKENSON & COLE, RICHMOND, Va. Dealers in and Forwarding Merchandise, Ship, and down from Cary Street, select and elegant goods, of all kinds, and in fact, to all orders, Special attention given to forwarding manufactured tobacco and goods.

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